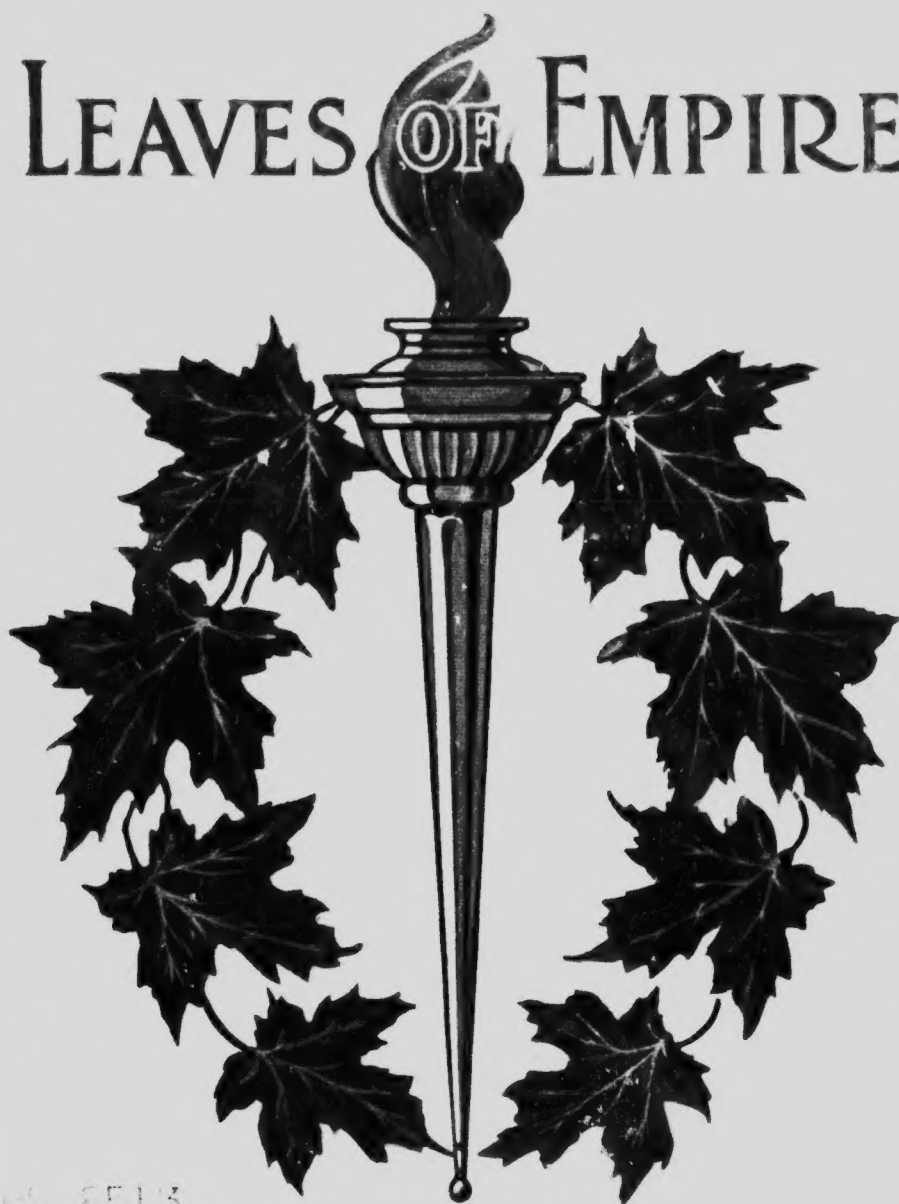
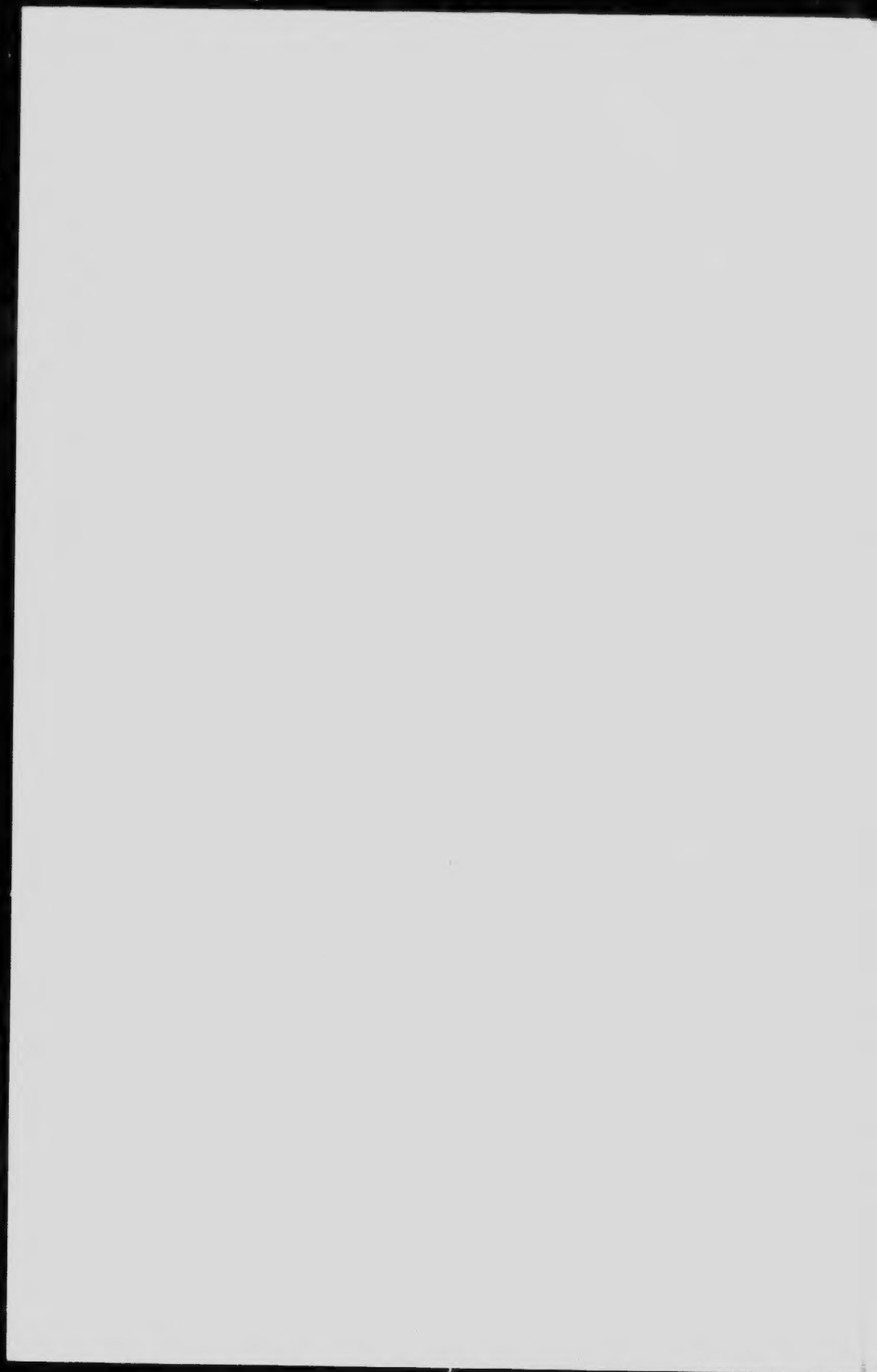


LEAVES OF EMPIRE



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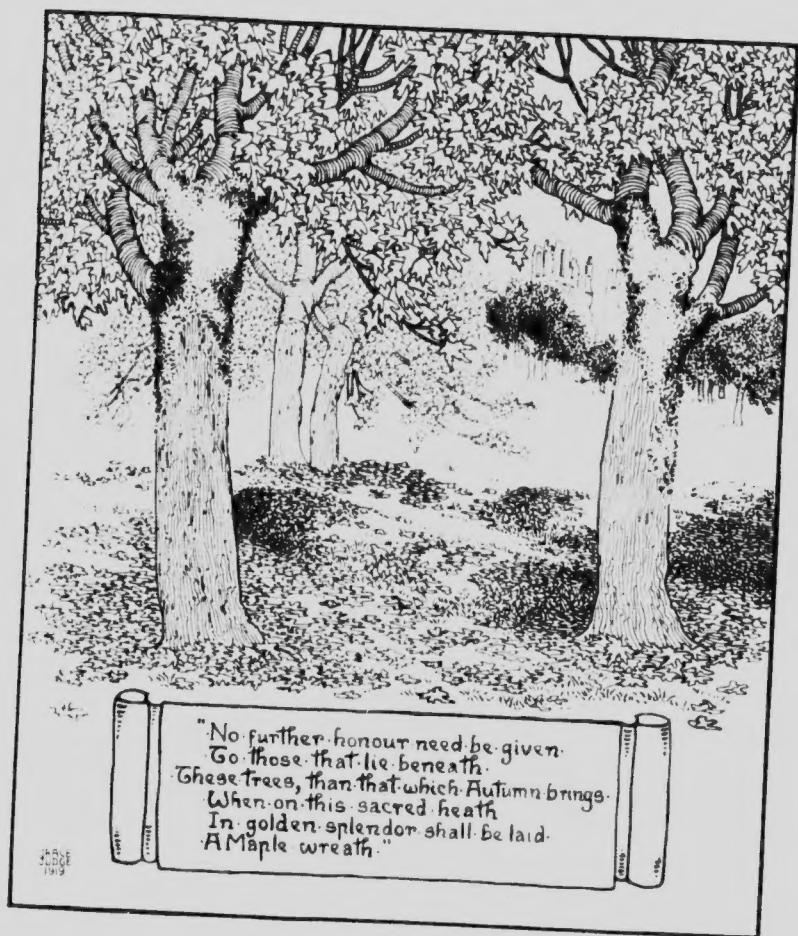
WILLIAM E. GRANT



LEAVES OF EMPIRE







"No further honour need be given
To those that lie beneath.
These trees, than that which Autumn brings.
When on this sacred heath
In golden splendor shall be laid
A Maple wreath."

SLAVES OF EMPIRE

IDEALS OF RECONSTRUCTION
AND SOCIAL DEMOCRACY

BY

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

INTRODUCTION BY CARL L. BECK
EDITED BY REV. JOHN H. BROWN, D.D.

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LEAVES OF EMPIRE

POEMS OF RECONSTRUCTION
AND SOCIAL DEMOCRACY

BY
WILLIAM EWART GRANT

Frontispiece by GRACE JUDGE
Foreword by REV. SALEM BLAND, D.D.

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FOREWORD

MR. GRANT seems to me to possess the authentic poetic gift, and even in this slender selection he reveals a note which is one of the most distinctive of the noblest poetry—the note of moral passion. That note, as far as my acquaintance with them goes, is rather rare in our Canadian singers. It will not be so rare, I fancy, in the singers of the new day, and I welcome this little cluster of poems from Mr. Grant, not only for their distinctive character and worth, but as some of the first flowers of Canada's great spring.

S. G. BLAND.

MARCH 8TH, 1917,
WESLEY COLLEGE,
WINNIPEG, MAN.



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LEAVES OF EMPIRE

THE MAPLES OF ST. JULIEN

"During his recent visit to the front, Major-General Sam Hughes planted maple seed in the groves near St. Julien, where sleep so many of our brave Canadian soldiers, who laid down their lives in order to stem the German advance."

—From "The Manitoba Free Press."

*The groves about St. Julien
Are sown with maple seed
To mark the mounds of those that fell,
Whose destiny decreed
That living legends be inscribed
To tell their noble deed.*

*What though their eyes no more may view
Familiar peaks or plains,
Or rivers wid'ning to the sea,
Or lakes in silver chains,
The maple tree that mothered them
Will guard their last remains.*

*Some day, perchance, a Belgian boy
May ask the reason why
They left their own Canadian homes
In foreign fields to die;
Then soft as rustling of the leaves
These maples will reply:*

*"When Belgium first was set ablaze
They saw the beck'ning hand
Of Freedom falling in the flames,
They heard her last command,
'Haste! Haste! I call on him
Who loves his native land.'"*

*"They heard, they saw, they rose, they came,
They smote with all their might,
And e'er the tide of battle turned
Fell in the thickest fight.
It was for thee, O Belgian boy,
Thy freedom and thy right."*

*"No further honor need be given
To those who lie beneath
These trees, than that which Autumn brings
When, on this sacred heath,
In golden splendor shall be laid
A maple wreath."*

WHERE CAESAR CAMPED

ALL day we marched through mist and rain,
Our clothes were drenched, our limbs were sore,
And oft we cursed St. Martin's Plain,
Just as they did in days of yore—
For that same field in which we tramped
Was where the Roman legions camped.

Yet who amid such scenes could dwell
With mind unmoved or heart unstrung,
And feel no diapason swell
As once the soul of Orpheus wrung!
For British-born, across the sea
Have still the same antiquity.

There lay the steep and chalky cliffs,
The Herculean cliffs of yore,
A brawny Briton still might lift
His spear and hurl it on the shore.
There lay the sea, the sullen sea,
That drowned the Roman cavalry.

And far across the level down,
The misty down that meets the sky,
A Roman road to London Town
Would sometimes meet the wandering eye,
Where once the Roman chariots rolled
Adorned with ivory and gold.

Where are the Roman chariots now?
The Roman ships? the Roman men?
Although the wreath on Caesar's brow
Is just as green as it was then,
His empire, racked by greed and lust,
How soon it crumbled into dust!

And shall this empire that we love
As quickly hasten to decay,
And such another image prove
With head of gold and feet of clay?
Before that dreadful day draws near
Let Cato speak and Britain hear!

"The great estates, they ruined Rome,
The soldier-citizen returned
To find himself without a home,
And still the lesson must be learned
That he who would possess the land
Must hold the mattock in his hand.

"Let not your work be done by slaves;
Swell not the Proletariate;

Your city slums are open graves—
Abolish; harvest not the hate
Of him that toils, but freely give
The laborer his right to live;

“Let every woman have her due,
And every child his book and slate;
If England to herself be true
And keep her word inviolate,
The right of empire shall remain,
‘The dead shall not have died in vain.’”

KITCHENER

No iron hearse, no muffled drum, no funeral dirge,
No slow procession and no gaping crowd;
His choir, the wind; his organ, thunder loud;
His requiem, the wild Atlantic surge.
O Kitchener, though vainly, we would urge
The muse to weave for thee immortal shroud—
Such was thy worth—for we are proud
In thee a second Cadmus should emerge
And heroes, such as Homer well might sing,
These modern Myrmidons of British race
That full armed from the soil of England spring.
Farewell to thee whose origin we trace.
Hector shall hail thy coming and shall bring
Thee to Achilles, who shall give thee place.

MOUNT CAVELL

To many Canadians who have been privileged to live for a time within the shadow of the Rockies, it has brought no small satisfaction to learn that one of our noblest mountain peaks has been given the name "Mount Cavell," in memory of that brave English nurse who devoted her life to the Empire and, dying, bequeathed as a rich legacy, her noble example of courage, faith and forgiveness.

O PEERLESS peak, crowned with perpetual snow,
In lonely grandeur rising on our ken
While darkness haunts the hill and fills the glen,
Thy forehead gleams with the first flush, the glow
Of early dawn, unseen, unfelt, below!
No monolith that ere was raised by men,
No sculptor's chisel and no poet's pen
Can speak so well alike to friend and foe,

Speaking to us of her whose touch was tender,
Who could not be from her high duty drawn,
Whose face was radiant with morning splendor
Lending a light to us before the dawn,
The light which only patriots possess,
Whose hearts are free from hate and bitterness.

PREFACE TO LORD SELKIRK'S DREAM

LORD SELKIRK was born in 1771. This young nobleman possessed wealth, position and power, but the great desire of his life was to benefit his fellow-countrymen, many of whom were living in extreme poverty due to the avarice of the Highland chiefs, who had deprived them of their lands.

Lord Selkirk, having read in Alexander McKenzie's Journal of the vast unoccupied region in Canada, formed a plan of sending out his fellow countrymen to settle these regions.

Later, he visited Montreal, where he met Colin Robertson, who recommended the forks of the Red and the Assiniboine Rivers as the place best fitted for a colony. "*In that region,*" said Mr. Robertson, "*there will some day be a great empire.*"

In 1805 Lord Selkirk sent a memorial on Emigration to the British Government, but no heed was paid to it. A quotation from this memorial will be of interest in view of the part that Canada has played in the present war.

"It is of no small consequence that our colonies should be peopled by men whose manners and principles are consonant to our government." . . . "It

is also evident what important services may be derived from a body of settlers as the Highland emigrants would form. It is not merely from their old established principles of loyalty, but much more from their military character that they would be valuable."

In view of these far-sighted statements the reader will readily understand why the dream, here narrated, has been ascribed to Lord Selkirk.

LORD SELKIRK'S DREAM

PROLOGUE

"'Woe unto him that joineth field to field,
The curse of God by Holy Writ revealed
Shall kindle coals of fire upon the head
Of him that drives the cotter from his shed.
Woe to the recreant chieftains of the North
Who raise their rents and drive their tenants
forth,
Who batten flocks and herds upon the moor,
And turn their former shepherds from the door."

So spake Lord Selkirk of St. Mary's Isle;
In silence long he sat, musing the while
On all the ills that his dear land oppressed
And how those ills by him might be redressed.

Now, as the early beams of morning break
O'er the cold hills, Lord Selkirk, still awake
Beside the hearth whose smouldering embers
gleam,
To guests that gather round recounts his dream.

PART I

"My spirit travelled over stormy seas;
I saw a ship battling against the breeze,
A band of pilgrims on a barren shore
Huddling in huts upon the frozen floor,
Till summer, long delayed, unlocks the streams.
They launch their boats. How slow their progress
seems,
As day by day they wind the watery chain
Until at length they reach the level plain!

"With hopeful hearts they cleave the fertile soil,
But only fear rewards their patient toil;
Plainsmen, who never knew but Nature's law,
With threat'nings dire their spirits overawe.
Still darker grow the gathering clouds of strife.
Warnings of war, and rumors wild are rife,
Then sudden slaughter, and, O woeful fate!
I see their fields and firesides desolate.

"But not for long calamity holds sway;
There dawns a new, a bright, a better day,
Old feuds forgotten, populous increase,
Content, prosperity and lasting peace.

PART II

"The vision changes; strange new scenes unfold
That still retain some features of the old—
The winding river and the level plain—
Though few of those first humble homes remain.
A city now with streets of ample size,
Tall buildings lift their turrets to the skies,
Parks, lawns and avenues of trees
Bending beneath the mild, warm, western
breeze.

"But what are these familiar sounds I hear?
It is the pibroch playing loud and clear,
And lo! along the road I see them come
With martial music and the roll of drum;
Their bonnets wave and their brave tartans
dance;
See how their bristling bayonets gloom and
glance!
In every street and square is heard their
tramp,
The city has become an armed camp.

"Their many months of training now are o'er;
The troops are leaving for the scenes of war.
I watch them go, but cannot understand
Why they should leave their own dear native
land.

PART III

"And now I cross the ocean's restless tide
To view a scene of desolation wide,
A wretched land, whose name no man might tell,
It's face so pitted with the pox of hell,
With wounds that gape and sightless eyes that
stare
Like craters on a lunar landscape bare.

"Upon this field the Eagle of the North
Plays hazard for an empire, hurling forth
His iron dice that cause the earth to quake,
Whilst fierce destruction follows in their wake:
Towns become torches; midnight skies, blood-red;
Rivers are bridged and cities, paved with dead;
And walls of adamant enforced with steel
Cannot withstand, turret and rampart reel
Dissolved in dust, while hurricanes of fire
Rage through the ruins; abutment and spire,
All smirched with smoke, are tott'ring piles of
stone,
Sad, silent sentinels that stand alone.

"Unnumbered multitudes of armed men
Carpet the earth. It seems as if again
The locust swarms that smothered Pharaoh's day
Had now returned and none their course might
stay.
Hunger of havoc, thirst of sovereignty
Drive and compel them on—on to the sea.

"And now is heard above that mighty stir
The loud-reverberating voice of her
Who sits enthroned, like Thetis, on the tide,
Calling her sons and daughters to her side.
They hear her voice; they lend responsive ear;
They come unpeop'ling half a hemisphere.

"And foremost there amid that mighty throng,
That comes to aid the weak against the strong,
The children of the early pioneer,
Inured to danger, hardship and to fear.
Their land not threatened, nor their goods
purloined,
But by their love indissolubly joined
To her, the ancient mother of them all,
As loyal sons they rally to her call.

"Now, in the deep-delved ditches choked with mire,
Meeting new methods, fighting fire with fire,
'Mid storm of steel thicker than wintry flakes,
Which o'er their heads like sudden tempest
breaks.

"As when their fathers faced the Northern seas
Rounding the rocky shores of Hebrides,
Such mighty gusts of wind great Boreas blew
As vexed the deep, and furious Fulgur drew
His flashing sword and smote the sea amain,
Which fell, and rose, and fell, and rose again,
So was the earth tormented, heaved on high,
Their ruined ramparts hurled against the sky.

" But all the foemen's fury cannot break
Their battle-line, where Freedom is at stake.
Though blinded, stifled, by the deadly fume,
Blasted and buried in a living tomb,
They hold—hold with a firm heroic grasp,
Which death itself is powerless to unclasp.

" But O! the price, the fearful price they pay!
Not to behold, I turn in tears away,
For many stalwart sons who o'er the plain
Scattered with liberal hand their golden grain,
Now like the seed, lie buried in the loam,
Their last, long furrow—far from friends and
home.

PART IV

"As when to rock-ribbed Ithaca returned
Renowned Ulysses, long exiled, and learned
How sotted suitors filled his banquet hall
With filth, and gluttony, and drunken brawl,
So to their native shores return again
From blood-bought fields, these battle-hardened
men,
To learn how, in their absence, brief in years,
In labors long, the greedy profiteers,
Like cormorants and vultures, crooked clawed,
That clamor o'er the slain, did whoop and laud
The war, which brought them blessings manifold,
For they had turned the blood drops into gold.

These, without slaughter, they with speed drive
forth

And build anew their kingdom in the North.
For having fought the Old World's tyranny,
It grieves them sore in their own land to see
The many starve that certain few may feast,
And those that labor most receive the least;
How, if the poor man steal a loaf of bread,
He wears the prison stripe with shaven head,
Whereas the powerful, rich, and favored few
May rob the state of land and revenue,
Of forests, rivers, mines, and then receive
A title or a senate seat. 'Twould grieve
An angel how their rulers rob and steal,
While laxity of law, right of appeal
From court to court wear out the people's purse,
Who no relief can find, only to curse
The foul conspiracy of crime, whose power
Is wealth, and wait the retributive hour.

"Long years they struggle, till at length they free
The serf of centuries, and they decree
As sole security of lasting peace
That private goods and property shall cease,
Save that which serveth man's immediate need.
But to their land they give no title deed,
They hold that such belongeth to the state
For all to share and none appropriate.
Wealth is subjected now and labor rules.
The workmen are the masters of their tools,

And neither shaft can drive, nor wheel can turn,
No hammer strike or forging fires burn,
But for the public cause, the general health,
The happiness of all, the commonwealth.

"The duty of their rulers is no less
Than this, to see that nowhere idleness
Doth take from diligence his drink or meat,
For those who will not labor must not eat.
And from themselves they choose for public trust
Those they esteem the wisest and most just,
Servants of men, not menials of the crown,
Greedy of titles, favors and renown,
Such baubles as true merit doth despise
As unbecoming men who scorn to rise,
Mere bubbles on the vacant breath of kings,
To eminence of air and not of things.

"Now Freedom there hath built herself a home,
With deep foundations and with spacious dome,
Where all are free to live and to enjoy
The fruit of their own labor, to employ
Their hours of ease in pleasure of the mind,
In healthful sport, in quiet talk, or find
Delight in birds and flowers, or on the shore
To pick the pebbles and to learn the lore
Written in rocks, to patiently unclasp
Nature's biography and read her past,
To hear such music as with magic sweep
Breaks up the fountains of the mighty deep

Within the soul, to read the thoughtful line
Of poets all inspired with truth, not wine,
Who, in the day of censure and of scorn,
Wrote for the generations yet unborn."

And now the pageant of a nobler age,
Its dim procession having crossed the stage
Of dreams, slowly dissolves; the curtains fall;
The footlights fade; the morning closes all.

February 17th, 1917.

THE CITY OF SORROW

1907-8

THE BURDEN OF DUMAH*

*The Burden of Dumah, Isaiah 21: 11.—An Arabian tribe, which, according to Porphyry, sacrificed a boy every year and buried him beneath the altar of their god.

ALONE I walked the narrow winding streets
Of that great city built beside the sea,
Where life is darker, denser than the pall
Of smoke that overhangs the low levee.

I watched the men at work from day to day
Who burrow in the ground, and overhead
Have spun their slender webs of steel,
And live like rats that gnaw the crust of bread.

I saw the little children at their work
From early morning till the twilight grey.
I watched them carding buttons by the gross,
The children who have never learned to play.

With faces pinched by hunger and hard toil,
They work with little sunshine, little air,
"As killing as the canker to the rose,"
Or blight and mildew to the blossoms fair.

We read with horror how a chosen race
Aroused their great Jehovah's ire
When, like the heathen nations of the earth,
They caused their sons to pass through Moloch's
fire.

But when some future traveller shall come
To see the wreck which time has made,
To sketch the ruins of Newspaper Row,
Chicago to unearth with pick and spade,

What will he think, how understand,
A people living in an age so blest
Who treat their children with barbarity
Unequalled by the tribes they dispossessed?

"LAOCOON"

(Written in the American Museum of Natural History,
New York City, August, 1907.)

PRIEST of Apollo, symbol of the soul,
Great is thy grief, surpassing man's control.
What agony is written on thy brow,
And what avail thy struggles, even now?
After so many centuries of strife
Must marble be the measure of man's life?
"It must, until the Golden Age atone
For all the hardness of the Age of Stone,
And thou, if thou would'st know the soul of Art,
Go, find in life the living counterpart."

"Behold the laborer locked in deadly throe!
His two great snakes, High Rent and Wages Low,
Have seized upon him with their sinuous coils
And hold him captive in their deadly toils.
Wildly, but all in vain, he makes essay
To tear himself and his two sons away,
With all his might to break the fatal mesh;
They dart their fangs into his quivering flesh,
And now he knows that every hope is past,
For round his limbs and neck they hold him fast.
And in despair he gives one fearful cry
That shivers upward to the unanswering sky."

ADDITIONAL VERSES TO THE SONG OF
THE SHIRT

CHEAP, cheap, cheap!

We buy at the lowest price,
With never a thought or care
Of the human sacrifice.

Weep, weep, weep!

For those who are worn and thin
Must work from daylight till dark
'Mid poverty, dust, and din.

Steep, steep, steep!

Is the path they all must tread
While watching over the sick,
While weeping over the dead.

Reap, reap, reap!

The whirlwind and the flood,
For all the garments worn
Are stained with mothers' blood.

THE CARPENTER IN CHURCH

I WENT to church in my carpenter clothes,
For they were the best I had,
And they gave me a seat beside the door,
Because I was poorly clad.

The whole week long I work at my trade
For three and a half a day,
And there are all the children to feed
Since father was taken away.

When times are hard and work is scarce
'Tis strange how the money goes;
While mother needs a better dress
I can't spend much on clothes.

And so I sat beside the door
In garments far from trim.
The usher gave me a pleasant smile,
And so I spoke to him.

It isn't very often
That a working man like me,
Attends this big cathedral church,
What can the reason be?

"Oh! That is not so strange," he said,
"For anyone can see
The working people, as a rule,
Are not our specialty."

I watched the people coming in
In costly raiment clad,
And yet I did not envy them,
For that was all they had.

I only thought of Lazarus,
Who sat outside the gate
Of Dives in his banquet hall,
Whose crumbs he sometimes ate.

The preacher now appeared to view,
A man of noble mien,
Who did his collar up behind,
And it was white and clean.

He prayed, and bade the people sing;
The choir did very well;
How much the congregation sang
'Twould be a shame to tell.

The sermon followed after this,
Spoken with ease and grace,
And the mirror of his message
Was the smile upon his face.

He told about a Carpenter
Who, in the days gone by,
Preached to the common people
Beneath the open sky.

Whose pulpit was a fishing boat
Upon a placid lake,
And multitudes would listen
Unto every word he spake.

There followed him from place to place,
The poor, the sick, the blind;
He loved to have them near Him,
For He was wondrous kind.

And mothers brought their little ones,
Who played about His knee,
He laid His hand upon each head
In benediction free.

The publicans and sinners, too,
Invited him to tea,
And never once did He refuse
To bear them company.

It was a common fisherman
Who leaned upon His breast,
John, the son of Zebedee,
Whom Jesus loved the best.

But the priests and rulers hated Him,
And had Him crucified,
And for the common people
The Man of Sorrows died.

'Twas, indeed, a noble sermon.
As it very well might be,
Ten thousand silver dollars
Was that preacher's salary.

He could have made a larger sum
In politics or law,
For his logic and delivery
Were without a single flaw.

How I wished his many talents
Were devoted to the cause
Of the multitude of people
Whom his sermon never draws.

The service o'er, I took the car,
And went out to the beach,
And there I saw the crowds of men
The churches never reach.

For every one that goes to church
There are eighty stay away,
The multitude of common folk,
Who work from day to day.

They do not care to go and hear
Of doctrine or of creed,
From men who never lend a hand
To help them in their need.

For when they ask for justice
And the law of brotherhood,
They get a little charity
Provided they'll be good.

'Twas the doctrine of the prophets,
That the worshipper must be
A man who doeth righteousness
And sets at liberty

All the burdened and afflicted,
And who helps the fallen rise,
Who does not burn his incense,
Nor offer sacrifice.

And thus to dole out pity,
Instead of giving half,
Is not the worship of our God,
But of the Golden Calf.

THE CHILD AND THE PRAIRIE

1900-19

THE REJECTED POEMS

THE editor returned to me
These little songs of mine,
The reason is not hard to see
With faults in every line.

And yet I know what I will do,
Though he reject my rhyme,
There is a maid who'll read them through
And think them most sublime.

And whether he accept or not,
I'll have no cause to whine.
Nor do I care a single jot,
If she but think them fine.

THE CALL OF SPRING

COME out, come out in the sunshine,
Come out in the open air;

 The robins sing,
 'Tis Spring! 'Tis Spring!
And joy is everywhere.

Away, away, at break of day,
'Tis laughing April weather,
 The sky is blue,
 My love is true,
Come, let us roam together.

O'er hill and glade, 'neath hazel shade,
Where books no longer bore us,
 Our spirits free,
 Just you and me,
And all the world before us.

THE ANEMONE

FLOWER of the frozer sod,
You have taught me more of God
Than all the books which men
Have written with the pen.

A child of joy thou art,
To cheer the human heart,
For when the world is cold
Thy petals sweet unfold.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

I CAN hear, loud and clear—

“Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will.”

Every note from his throat—

“Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will.”

As he sings, flaps his wings—

“Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will.”

'Tis his fate to flagellate,

“Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will.”

THE WIND OF THE WEST

O LIST to the wandering wind of the west,
The children of daylight have all been caressed,
In silence the sun has retired to his rest.

An infinite feeling creeps into my breast,
An infinite yearning, for infinite quest.
O wist ye the wandering wind of the west?

VIOLETS

BEAUTIFUL, fragrant violets blue,
Speaking of love that is tender and true,
Bear this message along with you.

Beautiful flowers that are not vain,
Modest and sweet will always remain;
Truly my love is just the same.

Beautiful flowers your day is done,
Ours has only just begun,
Growing in sweetness as life moves on.

THE NIGHT HAWK

WHERE did he come from,
Where did he go,
Cleaving the darkness
High and low?

Now he is with us,
Now he is gone,
Under the trees
And over the lawn.

Back in a moment,
Looping the loop,
Now with a dive
And now with a swoop.

Crazy old night hawk
Taken with fits,
Scaring the chickens
Out of their wits.

THE JOY OF LIVING

WHEN the blossoms appear pink and white
On the old apple tree,
When the robin is warming the eggs
In her nest cozily,
When the bee woos the flowers for the nectar
They willingly give,
I tell you, my dearie, it really is pleasant—
Most pleasant to live.

THE FIRST ROSE

O VIOLET, think not your beauty has faded,
Why hide you your face in the long meadow
grass?

O Violet, think not I love you less dearly,
If I should forget to stoop down as I pass.

The Rose, O the Rose, has come back to her bower,
To me who have loved her, and waited so long.

I found her this morning as fragrant as ever,
But had she forgotten my love and my song?

O could I believe that she blushed when she saw me
And lifted those half-folded leaves to the sun;
That soul-filling fragrance the same as of old time,
That makes thee unrivalled, thou beauteous one.

I found her this morning as fragrant as ever,
When dew drops were clinging to petals half
blown,

And no one was there who might witness our
meeting,
Those love-throbbing words were for thee all
alone.

I know that for thee many hearts beat with
rapture,
And tribute have paid to that beauty divine,
But I was the first one to give thee a welcome,
And there is no love that is greater than mine.

THE ANTELOPE

He stands on the hill,
Head erect, and so still,
You almost can feel
The tremulous steel
Of his wavering will.

How long will he stay?
Just a moment's delay
With a bound from the ground
He's away and away.

Like the whistling quail,
On the wind, watch him sail,
For a moment in sight,
Like a streamer of light
Of a meteor's trail.

To pursue would be vain,
We could never attain
On our Indian steed
The tempestuous speed
Of this wraith from the plain.

THE SONG OF THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE

WHEN the tide has rolled in from the sea,
Ah, then how happy are we!
Away we will float,
In a silver boat,
All aboard, baby and me.

When the tide has rolled in from the sea,
Then my heart from care is free,
For father comes home,
Through the dashing foam,
Back to his baby and me.

BUMMERHAMMERVITCH.

He's a funny little fellow,
With a funny little nose,
And he follows after mother
Every place that mother goes.
With his hair a golden yellow,
Sure his daddy would be rich
Had he not a single penny
Only Bummerhammervitch.

THE ORIOLE

IN a lovely, quiet glade,
Underneath the elm tree's shade,
There the Oriole's nest is made.

Like the water rippling, falling,
To his mate so softly calling,
'Tis a love-song most enthralling.

O how pleasant it must be
There to live up in a tree,
With their babies, one, two, three!

MOTHERHOOD

SHE sings her little one to sleep,
As daylight dies away;
It sounds as clearly in my ears
As if 'twere yesterday.

Like nuns within a cloister cave,
With tapers in their hands,
The angels hold the stars aloft,
In shining white-robed bands.

Then one by one that angel throng
Into the home descend,
And gaze in wonder at the sight
They ne'er can comprehend.

They see the babe in mother's arms
So lovingly caressed,
No angel yet has ever held
A baby to its breast.

THE SNARL FAMILY

WHEN it is striking nine o'clock
We have to climb the stair,
And sister kneels upon the floor
While mother combs her hair.

Now Helen's hair is just like gold
And glistens in the sun,
But it is always full of snarls
Before the day is done.

And when my mother combs each curl
It hurts like everything,
But it is never half so bad
If she will only sing:

"Father Snarl is big and tall,
He's the worst one of them all.
Mother Snarl, in dresses trim,
Follows closely after him.
Johnny Snarl is very strong,
But we'll pull him right along.

Willie Snarl, the little elf,
Stole the jam from mother's shelf.
Helen Snarl's a little dear,
And of her we have no fear.
Baby Snarl is only three,
And completes the family."

INDIAN PAINT BRUSHES

WHEN the fairy paints the skies,
Just before the sun doth rise,
Streaks of yellow and of red
Tinge the clouds above her head.
Then she leaves her brush behind
For the little ones to find.

SUNRISE FROM SULPHUR MOUNTAIN

BEFORE the sun has shown his golden rim,
And all the hills repose in shadows dim,
The mountains' topmost peaks begin to glow,
Then rosy red shines out their crowning snow,
While filmy curtains, not as yet withdrawn,
Conceal the fir-clad foothills from the dawn.
But when the sun himself appears to view
The lingering shadows haste to say adieu,
The mists of morning fold their tents so white,
And all the world is bathed in floods of light.

THE ETERNAL HILLS

When cradled by the billows,
By the undulating sea,
The rolling of the water
Was music unto me.

Within the quiet forest shade,
On mosses cool and deep,
The odor of the lofty pines
Has drowned my soul in sleep.

But, oh, that I may rest at last,
When pillowed with a clod,
Beneath the Rocky Mountains,
The eternal hills of God!

LAMENT FOR THE FLOWERS

CHILD.

TELL me, O! tell me, ye wide-spreading prairies,
Where are the flowers that once filled the plain,
Whence have the daisies and roses departed,
That I in my sorrow should seek them in vain?

PRAIRIES.

Dear little Violet's lost in the forest,
Beautiful Marigold's drowned by the rains,
Wayward Pipsissewa's robbed of her jewels,
Only the ghost of the Thistle remains.

CHILD.

Then I must wait till the winter is over,
Till the cold winter has passed with his train,
Till at the voice of the spring softly calling,
I shall behold you, my loved ones, again.

TO A CHRISTMAS ROSE

SWEET flower that blossoms in the snow,
When other flowers have perished,
Upon thy gentle mission go
To her whom I have cherished.

Alas! thy virgin purity
May vanish in a day.
I cannot know with certainty,
But yet I fear it may.

Go, little flower, upon thy leaves
A message is recorded.
Thy beauty dead, her spirit grieves,
And we are both rewarded.

THE GROSBEAK

I THOUGHT I heard
The song of a bird,
And then I wondered whether
The song I heard
Was the song of a bird,
In the cold, cold, wintry weather.

The day was bright,
The snow was white,
The ice thick on the river.
From the door I saw
Near a stack of straw
A little red breast quiver.

I heard him call
From the old stone wall,
For he wished someone to hear him,
And I went to see
Who this stranger might be,
And he let me come quite near him.

Upon the ground,
And all around,
On every bush and tree,
And each one dressed
In his very best,
Were others as fair as he.

They danced about
In a merry rout
To a merry minstrelsy.
And at close of day
They flew away,
And never came back to me.

But that rose-colored breast
Like the sun in the west,
I always shall remember,
Of the little bird,
Whose song I heard,
On a cold day of December.

